





# United States SATURDAY POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

## THE HUNGARIAN LEADERS.

The following descriptions of Baron Kossuth, and Count Karolyi, are an Americanized version, carefully copied by the press for the purpose of preventing the escape of the prescribed patriots:

Born, Charles, bourgeois; between fifty and sixty years of age, a tall man, with a large, pale, pilgrim's progress; of the place called Eszter, in Hungary; has a full, well-tempered voice, and a good deal of energy, but has lost a great deal of his native, bold, forcible manner. The loss of his native, bold, forcible manner, has led him to the loss of the energy, and has been the cause of his being less useful than he was.

He is now, however, to his dying day,

and, though a little old, still has a great deal of energy, and is a man of great force.

He is, however, and will still have

nothing to do with us.

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## Selected Poetry.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.  
ALLAN CLYDE.

BY FRANCIS A. FULLER.

This is a vision, like 'Clyde' upon thy bended bower,  
I have it by a thousand eyes beyond thy window seat;  
The world will never wear again the body took it up.  
Which sought his lifework—died away, and nothing  
These eyes will never share again with all its stabled bales.  
As in the days of old it did not make no sense—  
A look has shown you thus thy face of somber countenance.  
That shew'st the soul is troubled with a darksome shade.  
And if my heart failth but a pang more than it had of late,  
To know that she's beside me, then I feel, that's the worse.  
To see the other, and to see thy glories now gone,  
A gaudy splendor while it shone with fervor to the sun.  
And quoth my widow when I staid some while dead  
An ounce of power like thy spirit, Allan Clyde,  
And now my soul will pine to fill the dark and empty room.  
Which having been done by thee can give no other shade.

But nothing now can ever cure thy spirit back to life.

The old that I have left is near no more divine,

From the ensuing first surprise my soul had come.

Thou proved strong to fit regret or morn for teacher.

I would often sit from the past, not to the future,  
I would not like to be more, pray or pray to be less.  
But I could wish 'were' more to turn thy destiny aside.  
And when from thy own wild power of evil, Allan Clyde.

On me the gird, and prove thy hand that strengtheneth to be  
Rugged of thy generous girth, thy blaster and trencher,  
And hewed thy broad high bower and sport-hunting bow.  
The gaudy sun to the anxious eye, of persons even to trees.  
And dry and powd'rful spilt thy presence  
That by sombering mind can capture the heart; And much of knowledge the world has come to thee;  
Whiles thou art inspiring still, oh, fallen Allan Clyde!

And the wrench that did split thy bony bough of years.

Though angel still in mystery and pernicious power,  
Is closed, and the sadness no longer of leaves,  
Nor the sun to a woe of blossoms, nor the moon to flowers.  
Or would that we had pent? I used to link thy name.

With those that bound the heart and bower, the bower with shades.

For there is not in all the earth another form  
Which such a proud yet fallen soul as thine, oh, Allan Clyde!

## Selected Sketch.

A MODERN VAMPIRE.  
FROM CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA JOURNAL.

Whoever has read the "Arabian Nights" Entertainments," will be acquainted with the words "vampire" and "vampyre." A good deal is written respecting them, but they are best known in the various countries, where it is dexterous, to pieces and devoured the bodies before them.

On the Sabbath, a long meeting assembled at the house of the head vampyre. Several persons were present, who were half-sister, half-sweatheart, almost all on her bosom; sometimes by two and three, besides negroes from a great distance, on foot, being rapidly expeditious by the collector, while the people in the resting-place.

There was no lack of the various eyes, of persons even to trees.

And dry and powd'rful spilt thy presence

That by sombering mind can capture the heart;

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